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We have it in our power to begin the world over again.

—Thomas Paine, Common Sense

PSYCHO-PASS GENESIS

Chapter 1

Who is the ruler of this beautiful new world?

‘The laws’ chosen by the ‘people’

‘The people’ who choose ‘the law’

Or...

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I have two fathers.

The first one is my biological father whom I lost at the age of 12.

My father died in 2070 which was the year of Paradigm Shift when old orders were eliminated because the society had chosen to become like the present day. And the Ministry of Welfare that has in its grip ‘Sibyl’ - Comprehensive Lifetime Welfare Support System - had seized the administrative authority and become the centre of the paradise - the new world.

As for the time I met Oyaji [Pops] whom I could call my other father was the year 2080 when I, who had grown up, became a police after my father’s footsteps and was assigned to the Metropolitan Police Department.

He was waiting for me at the First Investigation Division, Special Investigation Unit of the Metropolitan Police Department.

Yes, he and I have no biological connection but we had a bond that was thicker than blood and stronger than steel. If there is any word that most precisely

describes us... 'Father-Son' No other word is more suitable than this. We were police senior-junior, mentor and student, and father-son hound dogs who'd chase criminals down to the corner and bite their throats.

I called him Oyaji. The name of the man who always tries to keep true to being a detective is...

Yahiro Kazuji.

And I... Masaoka Tomomi is going to kill him.

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The summer of the year 2093 seems so far away.

Spray of rain drizzles through the giant hole - caused by a shot of the gun he has in his grip - in the ceiling, sprinkling on his face and coat until it becomes soaked. The Enforcer of the Police Division, MWPSB... Masaoka Tomomi pants, pressing a hand to his side where the blood seeps out and looks up at the sky.

There is no moon. All he sees are only lights and colours shifting along the reflection of city lights on the rain clouds.

The forsaken land. The seaside abolition area that was long deserted. The floor of the old 32-storied apartment has sunken due to its insufficient durability to withstand an earthquake. Moreover, the keeper has run away so there is no one taking care of the place. It was left standing in the rain to decay and rot along with time.

The 2-storied winding escalators in the middle of the building has long stopped working, becoming merely a narrow path of metal with countless steps.

Masaoka lets out white puffs of breath as he sees the roof-deck before him. The air is cold despite June being a time close to summer. Could it be due to his loss of body heat that makes him feel no pain at all? His wound is, in fact, not that deep or perhaps it's become too late for him and his senses aren't working right. Nevertheless, the time of judgment is close, so either is fine for him.

He could feel the danger chasing him up from the stairs below.

Is it that man or his henchmen? Masaoka hurries up to the roof-deck. If he is attacked inside the building... Left, right, front, behind, above, and below...

There's no way he can take care of it. So even if he has to lose all the escape routes, the roof-deck still seems a better choice.

As soon as he stepped out, his body is hit with gusts of wind so violent as if the whole world had become mad. The floor he stepped on cracked with an ominous sound like that of thin ice breaking.

The longer the time passes, the stronger the wind; his body splashed and soaked with rain from the sides. What lies beneath his gaze - squinted so narrow amidst the rain so heavy he has to shield his eyes - is the metropolis of Tokyo that supports absolute order.

The holograms used to decorate the skyscrapers are disturbed by the bad weather; interrupted by noises that reveal the dull surfaces of the buildings in some parts. They look like countless gravestones lining up... The symbol of death built in mourning of those comrades who have become victims from the time in the past up until the present day.

Today, there might be one... or two more, and we too would become dead men whose names are lost without a trace in history.

Masaoka wipes his face with his left hand. The blood has already been washed off by the rain, but what makes his face slick is the greasy sweat that perspires.

He is nervous, afraid, shivering because of the danger that is creeping close.

His sense sharpens more and more every time he feels the vibration from the floor.

It's a rhythm so accurate no human could ever imitate it. That sound quickens...faster and faster...until the high-pitch sound of moving metals is heard. He tightens his grip on the gun's handle and concentrates on all four of his arms and legs.

The enemy has arrived.

What is climbing up the outer wall to chase him is the enemy so big he has to tilt his head to look at. A metal spider. It has a shape like that of an [Ashinaga Kumo](#). The legs are so long they aren't balanced with the body that is the centre of control. A construction drone that is used for demolishing buildings digs the spikes in its legs into a pole and stops moving.

Water droplets splash on Masaoka who aimed his jet-black gun at the drone. And yet, the speakable gun is silent, showing no reaction.

He clicks his tongue absent-mindedly. Should he use another gun...? No. Even if the power of the revolver can kill a person, it won't be enough for a machine soldier.

Suddenly, the image capturing parts aligning at the underside of the drone shines bright red and captures the image of Masaoka that is standing below. The drone thrusts one of its legs at him, ignoring the safety system that should have been installed completely. Masaoka knows that movement. It's an action of the Public Safety drones installed in the city when they used electromagnetic staffs to deal with an unrest, but now it's reproduced by an artificial arm whose shape and mass are multifold of the original it's become a murdering spear with a fatal attack.

Masaoka jumped back from that spot. The space to run is so little. He has no time to hesitate in each turn; he's running past the line between life and death - the roof-deck of the building that is like a chessboard of which territory is gradually taken - with all his might. Yet, the floor he steps on is so decayed he loses his balance. He falls on the rain-wet floor, sliding until his back hits the remaining of the rusty iron fence. He's now cornered.

The metal spider spreads its mechanic legs before jumping up high, dropping itself onto Masaoka who has fallen at the corner of the roof-deck; its leg swinging down to penetrate his body.

(What do I do...?)

His body reacts immediately to the question risen in his mind.

Masaoka doesn't move.

He lets himself face the giant drone which is much larger than himself.

It's brute courage like that of David who challenged the Goliath.

What is in his hand is not a rock but a strange-shaped gun with no muzzle... The weapon created from the swallowing of countless police's blood.

The judgement of the Portable Psychological Diagnosis and Suppression

System that bears the name of the ruler - Dominator.

“The target’s threat judgement has been updated: Enforcement mode is Destroy Decomposer.”

Masaoka smiles as if to mock himself when he hears the gentle voice so unfit to this battlefield.

Now this thing seems it’s gonna work.

And then the transformation of the murdering weapon that works according to the prophecy of Sibyl begins. It bears a shape so astonishing as if it’s been composed and attached with bone structures of many wild beasts to be born as a pair for the Chimera - the monster. And then the nameless monster bears its fangs... The green light flashing at the end of the barrel turns into a destructive bullet that destroys its target when Masaoka pulls the trigger.

Executed.

The mechanic leg and the control centre that is the body of the metal spider that are in the way of the molecule-destructive beam disappear all together, causing the other seven legs to lose their connections and fall to the ground below.

The superior power... His entire body shivers with joy from having wielded such immense power. He has to admit that even in this bloody situation, that masculine nature of his makes him so excited from having satisfied the need to express such power.

But...

Dammit.

It’s this very gun that makes the life of Masaoka Tomomi and his family chaotic.

The murdering weapon that’s like the scale of judgment... The innovation that orders a human to pull the trigger at its judging decision.

Yes. The fact that we admit its existence is the evidence that humans who use to kill one another instinctively for their personal benefits have given up that brutality and turned themselves into a part of the perfect society.

The flawless operation of judgment by the gun which judges absolutely.

The elimination of criminals that no other societies in history has ever achieved... The absolute annihilation of evil that is against the law. This is the paradise that mankind has finally reached.

If so, in this beautiful new world... Is there a place for us?

He can reply that there is none. If in this new world has a place and responsibility fits for everyone, the responsibility that he and that person receive might be the relic of the past that has to be eliminated. If so, there's no dying place much more fitting than a deserted metal building such as this.

The rain stops.

The sound of someone descending the stairs rings through temporary silence between the storms. Moonlight shines through the holes in the rain clouds, looking like spotlights on the stage arranged solely for him.

"Getting wounded and using that toy... But not that bad..."

The man that appears wears a white mask. He is tall and slim, reminding Masaoka strangely of a ghost... Silver hair, pale skin, white coat, and sword shining white in his hand. Everything is pure white as if he is the man who receives most love of all in this world. But he's the rebel who attempts to oppose this society more than anyone. That man raises his sword to the sky as if to slice the moon above in half.

"Yes, I wanted the moon."

It's the speech of Caligula - the mad king - from the book that man has once tossed his way and told him to read. Masaoka thought of when he was told so many times to fill himself with knowledge. For the hunt and capture of those who commit crimes and are still able to escape in the time when being a criminal is more difficult than being a good citizen, brain is needed. Go read the thoughts of other people that are left in this world in abundance so that you can imitate and understand the thoughts of others that are not yours.

"It's been a long time." Masaoka speaks the other person's name. "Yahiro-oyaji."

“It’s been a long time, Masa.” Yahiro says as he looks at Masaoka. “Since we started firing at each other the moment we met, I haven’t had the chance to ask you... How did you know it’s here? Don’t tell me it’s Sibyl’s guiding...”

“...It’s not that. That thing is just a system. Just something to tell me what I should do.”

Before this, we knew each other better than anyone, but now, we who have a bond thicker than blood and stronger than steel are unable to understand anything at all in the opposing party.

The reason that makes everything like this is not because of the guiding of ‘Sibyl’ and not because of something indescribable such as fate or destiny.

“If I have to speak about it... It’s probably a detective’s instinct.”

Everything is the result of what that man has taught and practiced him.

The determination to achieve the truth, without surrendering, without letting go of the case even though you are laughed at or said to be paranoid.

But he still doesn’t understand.

The actual determination of a criminal he should be chasing... The enemy he should corner.

“Why did you kill...?”

“Because I was born.” Yahiro replied instantly as if it’s the answer for everything. “And the fact that my existence is still accepted to be here is the proof for the imperfection of this society.”

This man tries to be a monster just like the king who wanted the moon or has he already become a monster? Masaoka doesn’t know. But whatever reason he has, whether the society accepts the existence of this man, Masaoka cannot accept his living. He cannot allow him to live.

His wound reopens. His left hand, soaked with blood, reached for the revolver - Ruger SP101 that he carries at his hip. The bullets are loaded and the hammer cocked. He is ready to fire without hesitation, aims firmly; his finger touching the trigger, using all his knowledge and technique.

“.....Yahiro-Oyaji, I shall execute you.”

The sound of the gun echoes throughout the area.

And then...he understands that the murder that he - Masaoka - has committed is inevitable just like how the bullet is released from the barrel, darting along its trajectory and hits the target. It's the reality that Sibyl - the almighty - has seen ever since ages long past.

At the end of the 21th century, the giant Arithmetic Processing Unit 'Sibyl' that recommended appropriate paths for people for all the citizens to live the best life has expanded its ability into the new branch called the Legal Order.

Psycho-Pass: the standard of judging an individual's soul of which analysis utilises the 'cymatic scan' technology that measures the mental state and personality of a human and transcribes his/her soul into number. People are not judged from whether they have committed a crime, but instead from considering if they are useful or dangerous to the society. The latter are judged as Latent Criminals and separated from the society or enforced. The enforcement of the new 'law' that fits to this new world enables the society to decide on the living and the death of 'human' and select only the individuals qualified to live in this paradise.

And then the ultimate concept for maintaining the public order, the 'Crime Coefficient' is born.